

Malady "Bad Life"

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Somewhere around the valley of the rouge, pissing
cheap words on handbills and riding with death. Where
all the lucky ones get ruined. When you'd rather get
ruined than half eaten 'cause we're all beaten. Rather
fluent in bruises, defeated and we're all afraid but so
brave. But from womb to grave and everything in
between it gets real fucking mean, and you windy why
I drink? I wonder why we're not all drunks sunk in our
dumps where nothing changes. But at least we don't
have to play. Faces wax fact repossessed, collapsed
jaws, blood-nosed faces, playing the lotto when they
know they should be drinking 56, 12, 27 and 12. Even
though I bet, I cheat myself.

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